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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.

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NOT TO RETURN TO THE THRONE AS KING OF HUNGARY: THE EX-EMPEROR CARL IN EXILE,
TEACHING HIS SON, PRINCE OTTO.

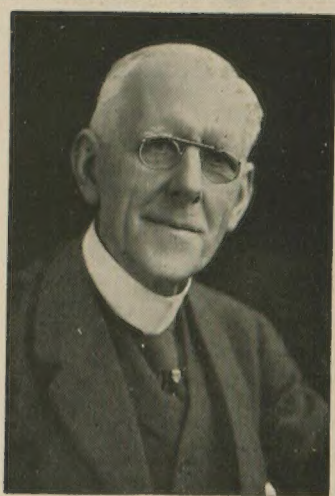
It was reported from Paris recently that a plan to give the throne of Hungary to the ex-Emperor Carl had failed, and that Admiral Horthy, Regent and Governor of Hungary, was likely to be elected Prince Palatine. In some Hungarian circles, it is rumoured, there are hopes that the crown of Hungary may one day belong to the ex-Emperor's son, Prince Otto, to whom he is here seen giving lessons. The photograph was taken

on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, where, at Prangins, the ex-Emperor and his family are living quietly in retirement. Regarding the other portion of his former dominions, may be noted a recent announcement in the British Court Circular, stating that the Hon. Francis Lindley was received by the King on his appointment as Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary Designate "to the Republic of Austria."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

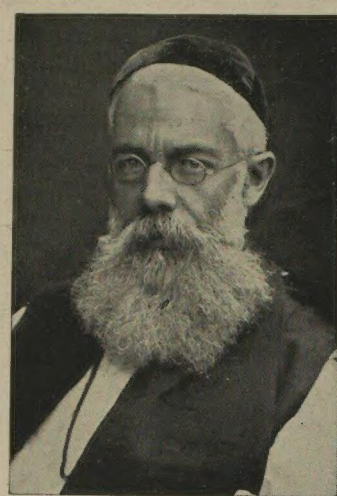
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, HOPPÉ, RUSSELL, PHOTOPRESS, AND MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.



A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH JUDGE AND LITTÉRATEUR: THE LATE LORD GUTHRIE, A FRIEND OF R. L. STEVENSON.



ENGAGED TO MISS ISABEL LAW: MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. H. SYKES, CONTROLLER-GENERAL OF CIVIL AVIATION.



APPOINTED SUFFRAGAN-BISHOP OF GRANTHAM: THE RT. REV. J. E. HINE, M.D., D.D., EX-BISHOP OF N. RHODESIA.



RECENTLY ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. RICHARD JACK R.A., THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT PAINTER, WHO BECAME A.R.A. IN 1914.



A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, R.A., PAINTER OF THE STATE PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR, AND MANY OTHER WORKS.



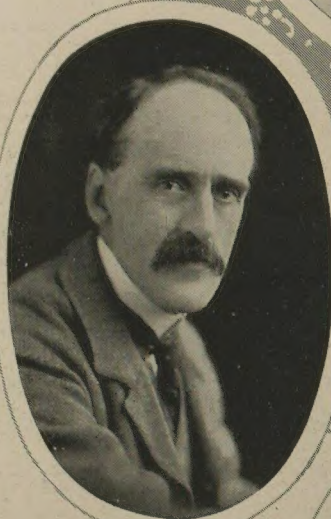
RECENTLY ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. JULIUS OLSSON, R.A., THE PAINTER OF MOON-LIT CORNISH SEAS.



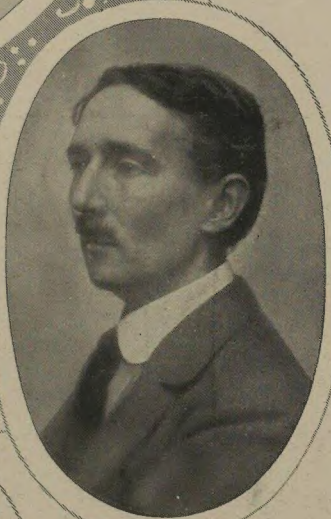
ENGAGED TO MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. H. SYKES: MISS ISABEL LAW, ELDER DAUGHTER OF MR. BONAR LAW.



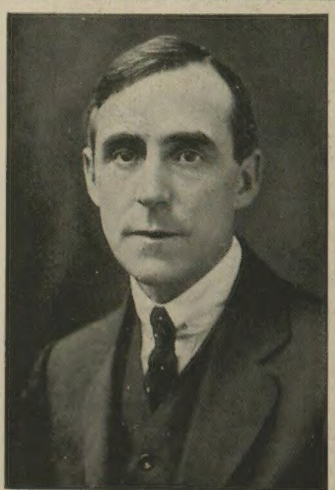
A DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR RECENTLY ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. DERWENT WOOD, R.A.



RECENTLY ELECTED AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. OLIVER HALL, A.R.A., THE PAINTER.



ELECTED AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. HENRY POOLE, A.R.A. A WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR.



ELECTED AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A., A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER, OF THE SLADE SCHOOL STAFF.

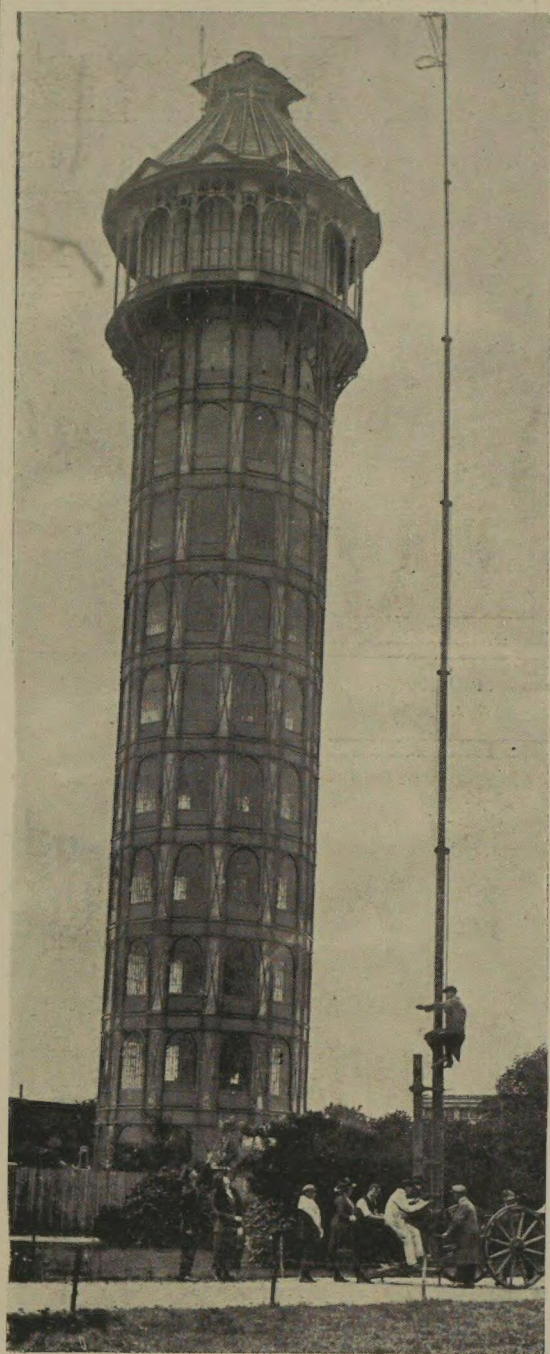


THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: BRIG.-GEN. W. T. HORWOOD—HIS FIRST PORTRAIT IN POLICE UNIFORM.

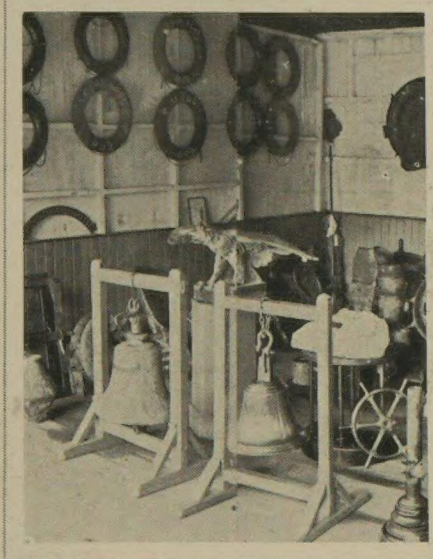


AN EMINENT SCOTTISH ARCHITECT ELECTED AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR ROBERT LORIMER, F.R.I.B.A., A.R.A., OF EDINBURGH.

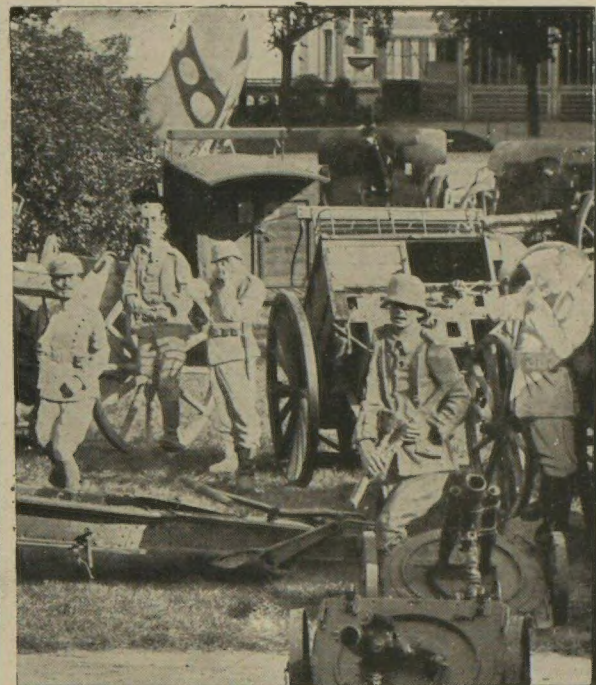
IN PAXTON'S "HOUSE OF GLASS": THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAR EXHIBITION.



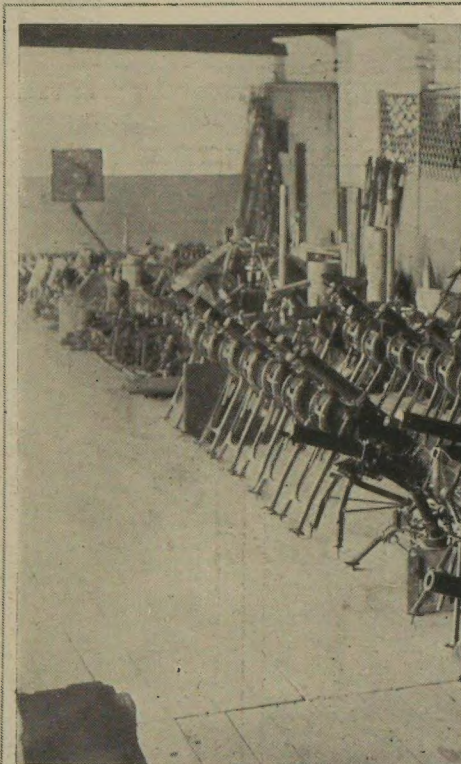
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1. WITH A MAN ASCENDING TO THE OBSERVER'S SEAT:
A GIANT GERMAN PERISCOPE.
2. INCLUDING BELLS, WHEELS, LIFE-BELTS, AND A
GERMAN EAGLE: THE NAVAL EXHIBIT.

3. USED FOR VISUAL TRAINING: MODELS OF GERMAN
SOLDIERS.
4. IN THE MACHINE-GUN SECTION: A COLLECTION OF
TROPHIES.

5. GUNS AND MINES: SOME OF THE 100,000 WAR
EXHIBITS.
6. A TROPHY FROM TOGOLAND: A MOSAIC OF THE
IMPERIAL GERMAN ARMS.

The King has arranged to open at the Crystal Palace on June 9 the Imperial War Museum, to which is attached the Great War Exhibition, a dual enterprise which will tax the capacity of the largest exhibition building in the world. It may be recalled that it was for the Great Exhibition of 1851 that Sir Joseph Paxton constructed his "house of glass," which was opened on its new site at Sydenham by Queen Victoria on June 10, 1854. The Crystal Palace has since become national property, mainly through the public spirit of the Earl of Plymouth and Sir David Burnett. During most of the war it was used as a Naval training station. The new War Exhibition owes much to Sir

Alfred Mond and Sir Martin Conway. It will contain some 100,000 exhibits. On the main floor, the whole of which has been taken by the Office of Works for Naval, Military, and Aircraft exhibits, will be found examples of all the firearms and artillery, great and small, used in the war, from an automatic pistol to a giant howitzer, and from a trench-dagger to a tank. Among the guns on view will be the one that fired the first British shot in the war. Photograph No. 6 shows a mosaic pavement of the German Imperial Arms formerly over the porch of Government House at Lome, in Togoland, when that country was under German rule.

THE JERUSALEM RIOTS: BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS RESTORING ORDER.



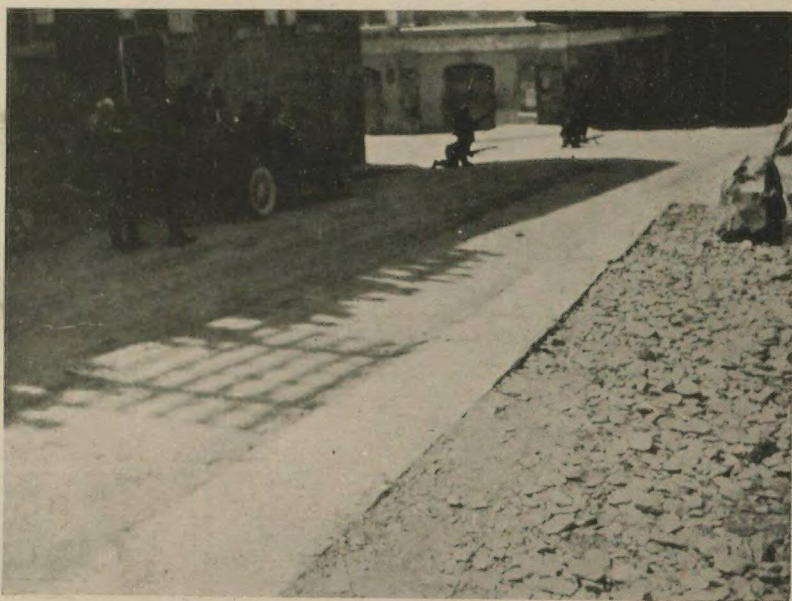
AT THE JAFFA GATE: A SEPOY SEARCHING AN ARAB FOR ARMS.



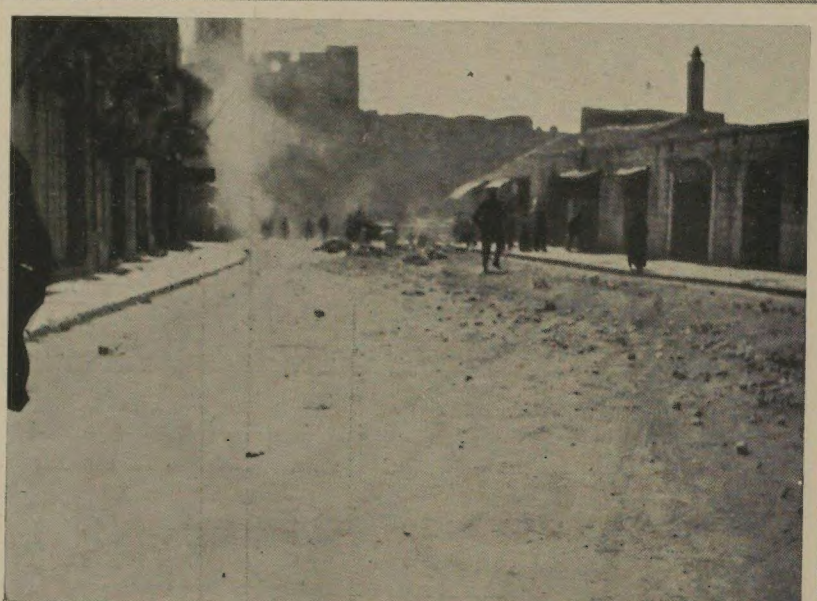
WHERE MUCH OF THE BLOODSHED TOOK PLACE: THE JEWS' "WAILING PLACE."



OF THE INDIAN FORCE IN JERUSALEM: A HAVILDAR EXAMINING TWO ARABS.



BRITISH SOLDIERS WITH MACHINE-GUNS: STREET DUTY DURING THE RIOTS.



SHOWING STONES USED TO BREAK WINDOWS: THE STREET LEADING TO THE JAFFA GATE.



CAPTURED DURING THE RIOTS: A PRISONER UNDER GUARD.



IN DISTURBED JERUSALEM: AN INDIAN SOLDIER SEARCHING A GREEK PRIEST.



AT ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM: BRITISH AND INDIAN GUARDS.

As mentioned in our issue of May 1, under other photographs of the Easter affray between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem, the subsequent award of the Mandate for Palestine to Great Britain has been welcomed there by all parties. A Reuter message of May 4 says: "When the news reached Jerusalem the Jews were observing the day by fasting and mourning for those who fell in the riots. Rabbi Cook ordered the fasting to cease, and a procession of Jews then made its way to the Mossel Moorovi, the ancient wall where it is the custom for Jews to pray." As Secretary for War, Mr. Churchill stated

in Parliament recently: "Disturbances commenced in Jerusalem on April 4, on the occasion of the annual Moslem pilgrimage to Nebi Musa, and quickly developed into anti-Jewish riots. As the native police proved unreliable, they were removed, control of the city handed over to British troops, and martial law declared. Spasmodic anti-Jewish outbreaks occurred up till April 8. . . . About 250 casualties occurred. . . . The chief offenders have been tried before a military court." The sentence of 15 years' penal servitude on Lieut. Jabotinsky has since been commuted to one year's imprisonment.

LABOUR'S FESTIVAL: DEMONSTRATIONS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ROL, AND C.N.



AS IT WAS IN LONDON ON MAY DAY: AN ORDERLY LABOUR PROCESSION, WITH BANNERS, ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, MARCHING TO HYDE PARK, WHERE OVER FIFTY ORATORS SPOKE FROM TWELVE PLATFORMS.



AS IT WAS IN PARIS ON MAY DAY: A CHARGE BY THE POLICE DURING LABOUR DISTURBANCES.



THE PARIS POLICE, WHO SUSTAINED OVER 100 CASUALTIES, BUSY ON MAY DAY: CLEARING A STREET.



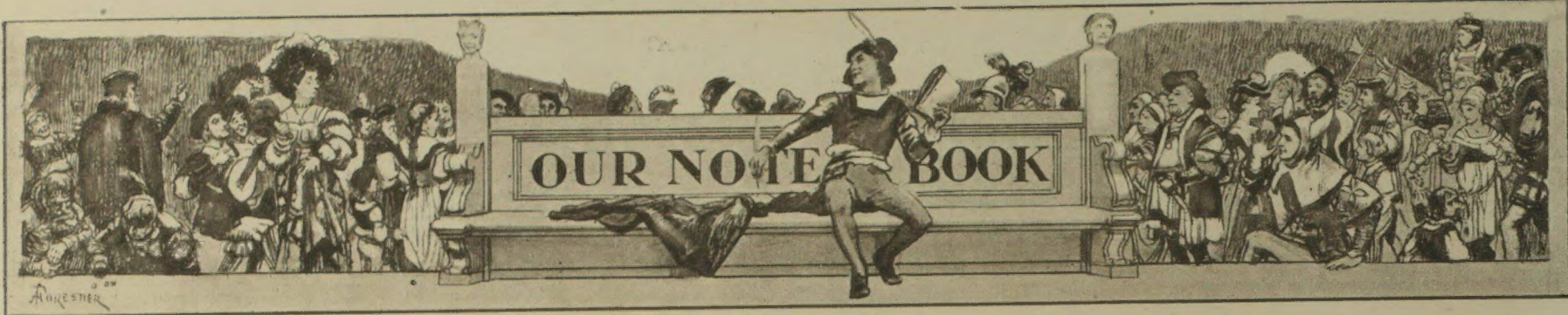
ONE OF 103 ARRESTS IN PARIS ON MAY 1: A BURLY DEMONSTRATOR IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

London and Paris presented a contrast in the character of the Labour demonstrations which have become an annual feature of May 1 in various countries. In London there was a general atmosphere of orderliness and good humour, and certain youths who cheered for Lenin and Trotsky and proclaimed themselves the "Red Army" were not taken very seriously. The main event of the day was a converging of district processions to the Embankment, and a great combined procession thence to Hyde Park, where fifty to sixty orators spoke from twelve platforms and a sweeping resolution was passed.



WITH WINDOWS SMASHED BY GRATINGS TORN UP ROUND TREES: A VOLUNTEER-DRIVEN PARIS MOTOR-BUS.

May Day in Paris was marked by serious disturbances, due probably to the hooligan and apache element rather than to real workers. The trouble was started by roughs, who attacked motor-buses and trams driven by volunteer engineer-students, breaking the windows with stones and pieces of iron grating torn up around trees. The police and Republican Guards were very active. The police suffered 102 casualties and 103 arrests were made. Some rioters raided a gunsmith's shop, fired at a police barrier, and shot dead a woman at a window. Revolvers were also used, and several other people were killed.



By HILAIRE BELLOC.

WHENEVER people discuss some international matter, such as those which everyone is discussing just now, you find—it is a necessity of the case—arguments brought in which demand what is called expert knowledge, and the ordinary man who sets out to give an opinion finds himself baulked, however sound that opinion in general morals, by an expert reply. For instance, a man says, "The enemy was responsible for the destruction of my house. He must pay for putting it up again." But the expert comes along with what he *tells* you is a fact; and, if it is a fact, the justice you desire to see done proves materially impossible. Conversely, the culprit, the enemy who destroyed the house, says: "I should be delighted to rebuild your house; but just look at the state in which I am! I have not enough to eat, and I have no materials!" Whereupon the expert appears with a statement which, if it is true, baulks that argument. He brings out statistics to show that a man receiving that particular amount of food, and having available those materials, can perfectly well rebuild the house.

Now, it has always been so in all controversies that deal with anything practical. But it is so to-day much more than ever it was in the past, because of the advance of physical science and of all material information. And I draw from that state of affairs a moral rather different, I fear, from the moral accepted by most people around me. The moral I draw is that on account of the very importance of the expert to-day, he ought to be watched *more* narrowly and ought to be *more* generally suspected than he was in the past. And I think that, if general opinion would act upon those lines, every point of our policy would be the better for it.

At first sight the judgment may seem presumptuous. But a little acquaintance with what is called "expert statement" may make it appear not so presumptuous after all. I note two points about nearly all expert statement of the present day. The first is what I hope it is not irreverent to call "Mumbo-Jumbo"—that is, the habit of impressive mystery: the wrapping up of things in technical terms in order to make them look beyond the reach of the plain man: the appeal to colleagues who have the same hierarchic interests to uphold; the reference to authorities which the plain man has never heard of—and so on. The second is the insecurity of the expert statement, and that insecurity shows itself in all sorts of ways. Two contemporary experts can nearly always be found to contradict each other. The same expert gives different replies at two different times not very far removed one from the other. The expert comes in much more as an advocate than as a witness, and so on.

However special a man's learning may be, he ought always (or nearly always) to be able to give a reason for his conclusion, which reason will convince anyone of average intelligence to whom it is presented. And if he does not give his reason, or, in giving it, wraps it up in terms which he knows cannot be understood, you may take it for certain that he has some motive for confusing and bamboozling you—unless, indeed, it is possible for him to convince you that even the process of reasoning by which he has arrived at his conclusion is in itself an expert matter: and that is a very rare case.

Instances of incorrect pronouncements might be found in the nonsense which a good many experts did give about ballistics some years ago, affirming that a shell could not be shot beyond such and such a distance.

If you want to judge how the experts can contradict themselves, read what they wrote on the subject of

locomotion through the air, *before* the coming of the aeroplane. I assure you it is excellent reading.

I keep by me and lovingly read from time to time a most learned and thorough demonstration put forward by a man with a very great name about twenty years ago, to prove that locomotion through the air



WELL KNOWN IN THE PRINTING TRADE: THE LATE MR. ERNEST H. RUDD, A DIRECTOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH," LTD. We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Ernest Rudd, who recently became a Director of "The Illustrated London News" and "Sketch," Ltd., and had been Manager of the Printing Department since 1905. Mr. Rudd was born at Nottingham on October 23, 1877, and was a Freeman of that city. At the age of three he went to America, where, on September 11, 1895, he married Miss Minnie B. Ruhl, of Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A. He returned to this country in 1901, and was with Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, until 1904. In that year he came to London and joined Messrs. Richard Clay and Sons, with whom he remained until he entered our firm. During the war he acted as technical adviser to the Government on photogravure in connection with propaganda. He died at a nursing home in London on April 29, after an illness which began last November and recurred in February.

by a machine heavier than air was *impossible*: not impossible with the engines of that day, but impossible



DENIKIN'S SUCCESSOR IN THE SOUTH RUSSIAN COMMAND: LIEUT.-GENERAL BARON WRANGEL.

In a farewell order, General Denikin said: "Lieut.-General Baron Wrangel is appointed to the Command-in-Chief of the Armies in Southern Russia." General Wrangel subsequently obtained successes against the Bolsheviks in the Crimea.

of its own nature. And he got over the difficulty presented him by birds, with the explanation that birds, being living organisms, had special ways of lightening themselves which a dead instrument could never have. And if you want an example of experts contradicting each other at the same moment, you have that enormously grave one of the experts on fortification. There was the school which believed in the ring fortress, and the much smaller school which said it was doomed. The plain man—the chance

Parliamentarian, for instance, entrusted with the national fate at the moment—found himself confronted with contradictory statements. He probably did not go into the reasoning himself, as he should have done. Well, we know the enormous practical result! The smaller school was right, and the larger school was wrong. And many millions of men have died on the side that made the error.

There are two conditions (it seems to me) in which this wholesale suspicion of the expert should be dropped. The first is unanimity—real and complete unanimity—among the experts. And the second is the expert's producing a piece of evidence which is of a type that anyone not an expert could not produce, and which yet is so simple and absolute that the one to whom it is presented must be immediately convinced.

I mean by unanimity a state in which you find all (of those known to you, at least) to have examined the problem in great numbers, and to have come to the same conclusion. For instance, all the experts tell you, without hesitation, that a certain manuscript lies between a certain narrow margin of dates. It is foolish to question special knowledge that is unanimous. If you find even one man of weight coming to a different conclusion and giving you his reasons, you do well to doubt. But if, as is the case with, I suppose, the great body of manuscripts, you have unanimity on a general date, that is a thing to accept.

An example of the second case I had very prettily put to me the other day. A friend of mine was talking to me of the forgery of certain ancient things in metal, and he told me that forgery could be detected by the expert with absolute certitude. This seemed at first sight a bold statement, considering what care a modern faker might put into his forgery. But when the reason was given the conclusion was obvious. It seems that, in this particular material, the texture under the microscope reveals whether the first process (the reduction of the metal from its ore, the purifying of it, and the making of it into the sheets) was a modern or an ancient process. That is conclusive. Unless the forger was to be at the pains of reconstructing the conditions of, say, the twelfth century, in this particular art, including a number of elements in the process which have since been forgotten, you might be absolutely sure that material showing antiquity under the microscope was genuine; and, of course, you might always be perfectly certain that material showing modern workmanship under the microscope was a forgery.

In the same way Wiener, in that little book of his which I am never tired of advertising (but of which no one seems to have heard)—Wiener, the great Professor of Languages at Harvard—has, to my mind, conclusively proved that the Silver Codex at Upsala—which all the universities had worshipped for generations as an early monument of Teutonic writing—was in point of fact centuries later than used to be imagined, and was not earlier than the time of Charlemagne.

It is the best modern case I know of the expert clinching the thing down so that there is no escape; and when an expert really does that, I worship him.

But the experts who pretend to tell us that our natural instincts of indignation and justice as to the war cannot be satisfied, and who go on to support this evil brief with a juggle of figures, may, if we do not look out, lead us into disaster, for on the immediate policy of this nation towards the Continent depends its whole future.

THE WITTIEST PLAY IN LONDON: "THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



THE SCEPTICISM OF THE CHAUFFEUR: (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN HOWELL, MR. EDWARD BENSON, MR. HENRY CAINE (AS TUCK), AND MR. PAUL GILL.



THE "PREVIOUS" LOVE AFFAIR: (L. TO R.) MISS GRACE LANE, MR. JACK HOBBS, MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT, AND MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.



THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE AND A RESTIVE M.P.: (L. TO R.) MR. FRED KERR (AS LORD HENRY MARKHAM), MR. S. HILLIARD, AND MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN.



THE HEROINE'S CONFESSION OF A PREVIOUS LOVE AFFAIR: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.



THE CENTRE OF THE LOVE INTEREST IN A POLITICAL PLAY: MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS MARJORIE CORBETT.

Mr. H. M. Harwood's new comedy, "The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassadors' Theatre, is without doubt the wittiest play at present to be seen on the London stage. It is a political satire, full of sparkling dialogue and brilliant epigram. As the title suggests, the main theme is the growth of the seed of faith, in this case in conflict with the weeds of opportunism and expediency. Faith is represented by a strong man, an idealist and reformer, admirably played by Mr. Norman McKinnel. He has a great scheme for the

betterment of the people, which he carries through despite the intrigues of aristocratic worldlings who treat politics as a game. A comic touch is the scepticism of his chauffeur regarding a certain election poster. The second element in the plot is the love affair between the reformer and a patrician girl (played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt), who confesses to a previous *liaison*, but is the only one to remain faithful to him during his election struggles.

A CYNIC AT THE ACADEMY.

ONE hears the customary condemnations: give a dog a bad name and hang him—at Burlington House! Or, if we care to admit that every Summer Exhibition

contains a dozen or two works of art, we may still belabour the Hanging Committee as incapable of doing right; the good things, in the nature of the case, must be accidental. For years we have grumbled at the toppling crowd of canvases. This year there are no more than two rows—the sky-line is abolished. How, then, show our ingratitude? With a pretty ingenuity, the most discerning of the critics turns and rends the authorities on the ground that under the new scheme the inferior works all too readily catch the eye. It appears that we used not to notice them on the packed walls. The suggestion is new to us: we seem to recollect the immemorial presence of a vast number of fifth-rate paintings. Every Academy of the past has been scolded for their inclusion. The complaint, however, is ingeniously turned, even if it shows how firmly we are held by the habit of fault-finding where the R.A. is concerned. I believe that if the Hanging Committee excluded everything, and Burlington House put up the shutters, we should promptly lament the loss to the nation and the blow to the Art of Painting, and even talk of the Good Old Academy.

But given, as we are this year, a pruned Academy, we may, as I say, still practise the delights of fault-finding. Each room has its regulation portraits of gentlemen in decorations or new suits, portraits intended for the dull walls of a club or of the duller dining-room of a private dwelling. Doubtless there is good money in such things, but they appertain to trade rather than to art. It would be more proper if there were a department for them in Regent Street, in convenient proximity to the establishment where one buys one's silver urns, or in Oxford Street, where one may secure a marble clock. Not far removed from this type are the portraits shown by one of the newly elected Academicians, Sir William Llewellyn; and those by Mr. R. Jack, a painter similarly favoured, are only saved from this same category by an unusual dexterity of brush-work, not by a more entertaining outlook upon a world of unentertaining sitters.

It is a relief to turn to the portrait-painters who have an obvious relish for their subjects—to Mr. Gerald Kelly's Spanish ladies with Goya-like eyes (he has, I am told, no other passion); to Mr. C. H. Shannon's subtle "Miriam"; to Mr. Charles Sims's "The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P. and Mrs. Harmsworth." We enjoyed, too, because she enjoyed painting it, Mrs. Swynnerton's "Mercy Greville: Early Morning, Easton Lodge," wonderfully brilliant in colour, albeit somewhat thin and metallic. Of Mr. W. W. Russell's "Mr. Minney," in the Large Gallery, enough has been said elsewhere to prove how ready we are with gratitude for the appearance on these walls of even a moderate degree of real humour. Of alleged, or sham, humour there are the usual examples. In Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Scandal" we have the regulation stage-topper, in a tavern—viz., a jocund model who is usually put into a monk's habit. We are grateful to Mr. Bundy for sparing us the ancient jest in its cruder form, but that is no more than a negative virtue.

For humour that is elusive and a trifle sour, and the more refreshing on that account, we must go—where think you? Not to the Clarksons of St. John's Wood, but to the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, as Sir William Orpen saw it when Dr. Bell and Hermann Müller were in the act of signing Peace, and to the same artist's picture of a Peace Conference at the Quai d'Orsay. In this latter

canvas the delegates are placed in a row, a table in front of them, and an elaborate gilded wall, with niche and statue, behind. Mr. Wilson is in a high-backed gilded chair, somewhat aloof. M. Clemenceau has turned his back on Mr. Wilson, and flaps enormous gloved paws at Mr. Lloyd George, who wears the "cute" expression invaluable to a politician who must deal decisively with the destinies of several strange Continents. In front of him is the bottle



"OUR GREATEST AMBASSADOR," AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A BUST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, BY CHARLES L. HARTWELL, A.R.A.—SIR HORACE MARSHALL'S GIFT TO THE MANSION HOUSE.

The bust was commissioned by the Rt. Hon. Sir Horace Marshall for presentation to the Corporation of London. It is to be placed in the Mansion House to commemorate the Prince's visit when he received the Freedom of the City during Sir Horace Marshall's Lord Mayoralty.—[Photograph by Monger and Marchant.]

which is like to prove the most enticing "problem" of the present Academy. Or is it only a syphon? Mr. Balfour sits at the end of the table, his head judiciously narrowed, to the prejudice of his brain-power, to fit him into the frame. Paderewski, pale of countenance, stands above him; and the tone portraits of fourteen other delegates are introduced

Royal Exchange.

"The National Peace Thanksgiving Service on the Steps of St. Paul's," we must be grateful for the master whose eye is first-cousin to a Kodak. Especially in the picture of the signing of Peace does Sir William Orpen remind us of photography at its best, the photography that records the sheen of polished surfaces, the glint of glass, and the tones of shadows in an interior. In this, second and more important picture we have the same portraits as before, plus the Germans, but with the difference that all the delegates, who were at their ease in the other, have assumed their official expressions. The only entirely natural personages in the piece are Dr. Bell in the act of signing, and Hermann Müller, fair, gaunt, and very earnest, bending over his countryman, of whom one sees nothing but the extended elbows, like those of a schoolboy at a hated writing lesson, and the back of a head with upstanding hair. As for the windows, the corridor beyond, and the second set of windows through which one sees open air, Sir William has never done anything so triumphantly well, not even among the mirrors of the Café Royal.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Salisbury that by doing a half-turn one can look straight from this canvas to his Peace panel on the neighbouring wall, with its entirely unsuccessful drama. His ecclesiastic, who raises his hand in blessing, looks like nothing so much as a City policeman regulating traffic. Nor is Sir John Lavery very successful in his "Admiral Sir David Beatty Reading the Terms of the Armistice to the German Delegates, Fore-Cabin H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*." He has made no attempt to be dramatic, and no blame to him for that—drama is bad form in fore-cabins! But Sir John must be blamed for not getting more quality into his paint, and for making inadequate portraits. His Sir David Beatty is all that is expected of Sir David, resolute and clear-cut; but the Germans are blurred and askew, like police pictures of "wanted" men who have never given a sitting.

The Academy is rich in landscape. Mr. Arnesby Brown, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr. Clausen are all in their several ways delightful. Once more they bring beauty to Burlington House. Are we captious, then, if in the face of these five we complain that the Academy is very much where we left it before the war? In so far as Mr. Clausen is still Mr. Clausen, we are content; but we grieve that the banalities likewise survive, and with equal stead-

fastness. The war pictures, save Sir William Orpen's, count for naught; and we are thrown back once more on the same old Farquharson frosts, the same old Polar bears among icebergs (who wants them?), the same old Harvest Moon, the same old St. Agnes' Eve, the same old Fair Rosamund. We have the snows of yesteryear, and the heroines; but where is the world as we know it? Mr. Munnings has caught one phase of it in his "Tagg's Island," with its rollicking group of men and maidens; and Mr. Walter Bayes is essentially modern, both in theme and treatment, in his fine "Oratio Obliqua," in the last room but one. He has a sense of line and angles as arresting as anything we have seen, even among the young painters who sell their souls in order to arrest our attention with lines and angles. He shows us a



"THE FORERUNNER," BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE: A NOTABLE PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The sub-title is: "Leonardo da Vinci showing a model of his flying machine to Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and his Court."

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with the extraordinary competence peculiar to Sir William Orpen among Royal Academicians.

The camera could not have done better. Indeed, the only complaint to be made against Sir William is that he inclines to be photographic. If the alternative is Mr. Salisbury's manner in his panel for the

cinema theatre, with a "movie" flickering on the screen. One "movie," however, cannot keep the Academy moving. There is no need for it to flicker, but progress it must, or vanish. The inclusion of Mr. Bayes is a sign of progression which will probably be followed by many others in 1921.



"MISS THELMA CAZALET," BY DAVID JAGGER.



"H.E. MADAME MERRY DEL VAL," BY FLORA LION.



"LADY HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL, OF BLACKADDER," BY J. ST. HELIER LANDER.



"THE HON. GRISELL COCHRANE-BAILLIE," BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

FEMININE PORTRAITURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: FOUR NOTABLE PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

Miss Thelma Cazalet is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall Cazalet, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Heron-Maxwell, Bt. Her Excellency Madame Merry del Val is the wife of the Spanish Ambassador to Great

Britain. Lady Houstoun-Boswall, of Blackadder, is the widow of the late Capt. Sir George Houstoun-Boswall, Grenadier Guards, killed in action at Loos in 1915. The Hon. Grisell Cochrane-Baillie is Lord Lamington's only daughter.

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PAN; PANTALON: A KING'S PARAMOUR: ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

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"THE AWAKING OF PAN."—BY WALTER E. WEBSTER.



"PANTALON."—BY WALTER E. WEBSTER.



"THE QUEENE CAME TO HER BY A CLUE OF THRIDDE": "FAIR ROSAMUND AND QUEEN ELEANOR."—
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

As a sub-title to Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper's picture of "Fair Rosamund and Queen Eleanor," the following quotation from Stow's "Chronicle of England" is given in the Academy catalogue: "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought), dyed at Woodstocke (A.D. 1177), where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderful working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King, or such as were

right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze; but it was commonly said that lastly the Queene came to her by a clue of thriddle, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after; but when she was dead she was buried at Godstow, in an house of nunnes beside Oxford, with these verses upon her Tombe: 'Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda . . .'"

RACER AND RIVER: TWO ACADEMY PICTURES BY THE SAME HAND.

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MRS. PEEL'S 'POETHLYN,' WINNER, GRAND NATIONAL, 1918 AND 1919.—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.



"TAGG'S ISLAND."—BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.

In connection with the upper picture, it may be recalled that in 1918 the Grand National was run under the name of the "War National." Poethlyn won the race, and also the first post-war Grand National the next year, as favourite. His owner is Mrs. Hugh Peel.

The full title of the painting is "Mrs. Peel's 'Poethlyn' at Brynypys: Winner of Grand National, 1918 and 1919." Brynypys, it may be added, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Peel, at Ellesmere, in Shropshire.

THE OPENING EVENT OF THE LONDON SEASON:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



SOCIETY AND THE ARTS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE:

The opening of the Royal Academy may be considered as the first event of the London Season. Society and the Arts are always well represented at the Private View, and it is estimated that this year over 5000 people attended it. Almost before the doors opened a crowd of fashionably dressed women—for the View is an occasion for the display of dress as well as of pictures—awaited admittance, and, as the morning wore on, the rooms became filled with animated groups who gathered round the more outstanding pictures of the year. Among the artists who came early were Mr. Wyllie, Sir Hans Thornycroft, and Sir David Murray; and the well-known Society visitors included Lord and Lady Strathford, Lady Frances Balfour,

THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



IN THE GALLERIES ON PRIVATE VIEW DAY.

the Duchess of Rutland, with Lady Diana Cooper; Princess Bibesco, and Lady Cynthia Asquith; the Duchess of Wellington, and Lady Lytton. There is always considerable interest in comparing the distinguished visitors with their portraits, and Madame Merry del Val, who came with her husband, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Hon. Edmund Harcourt, M.P., were two of the "subjects" of outstanding pictures who visited the galleries on the Private View Day. Our artist has given a general view of the Galleries and indicated the pleasantly social atmosphere of Private View Day, as well as the critical picture-gazing side of the occasion. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

WAR AND PEACE: NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. F. O. SALISBURY'S PICTURE BY A. C. COOPER AND CO.



"ORATIO OBLIQUA," BY WALTER BAYÈS, IN THE MANNER OF HIS "PULVIS ET UMBRA."



"TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY . . . OF H.M.S. 'INVINCIBLE,' BY W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.



"THE SIGNING OF PEACE IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"THE NATIONAL PEACE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S," BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.

Mr. Wyllie's picture is entitled: "To the Glorious Memory of Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood, Capt. A. L. Cay, and 1025 officers and men of H.M.S. 'Invincible,' who gave their lives for King and Country on May 31, 1916, off Jutland."—In Sir W. Orpen's are seen: *Front*: Dr. Bell (Germany) signing, with Hermann Müller leaning over him. *Middle row* (seated, left to right): Gen. Bliss, Col. House, Henry White, Robert Lansing, President Wilson (United States); M. Clemenceau (France); Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner, Mr. G. N. Barnes (Great Britain); the Marquis Siangi

(Japan). *Back row* (l. to r.): M. Venizelos (Greece); Da Costa (Portugal); Lord Riddell (British Press); Mr. Foster (Canada); M. Pashitch (Serbia); M. Pichon (France); Col. Sir Maurice Hankey (Great Britain); Mr. E. S. Montagu, the Maharaja of Bikanir (India); Signor Orlando (Italy); M. Hymans (Belgium); Gen. Botha (South Africa); Mr. Hughes (Australia).—Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's picture, "The National Peace Thanksgiving Service on the steps of St. Paul's, July 6th, 1919," was painted as a panel for the Royal Exchange presented by Sir Horace Brooks Marshall, Lord Mayor for that year.

AN ORPEN PICTURE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE: AT THE ACADEMY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. COPYRIGHT RESERVED BY THE ARTIST. PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL LAIB.



A FAMOUS ARTIST'S RECORD OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE: THE PICTURE BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The full title of Sir William Orpen's picture reproduced above is given as follows in the Academy Catalogue: "A Peace Conference at the Quai d'Orsay. Left to right: seated, Signor Orlando (Italy); Mr. Lansing, President Wilson (United States); M. Clemenceau (France); Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour (Great Britain). Standing: M. Hymans (Belgium); M. Venizelos (Greece); the Emir Feisul (Syria); Mr. Massey (New Zealand); General Smuts (South Africa); Colonel House; General Botha; M. Siangi; Mr. Hughes (Australia); Sir Robert Borden (Canada); Mr. Barnes;

M. Paderewski (Poland). A vivid pen-picture of the three principal figures at the Peace Conference is given in Mr. J. M. Keynes' book: "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." Thus, of M. Clemenceau, he writes: "He closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his grey gloved hands clasped in front of him." Again, of President Wilson and the Prime Minister: "The President's slowness amongst the Europeans was noteworthy . . . and he was liable, therefore, to defeat by the mere swiftness, apprehension, and agility of a Lloyd George."



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

ONE of the most remarkable developments of the modern theatre is the progress in the economy of scenery. Some years ago one looked askance at Elizabethan methods. Now they are gaining ground swiftly. The tendency is not to reduce scenery to scantiness, but to render it subservient to imagination. Formerly it was the detail that mattered, now it is the totality of impression. The back-cloth in one tone is ousting the minute picture. Drapery, in its manifold arrangements, indicates palaces as well as chambers, cathedrals as well as warriors' camps. Accessories are being reduced to a necessary minimum. In other words, instead of being spoon-fed, the public is being taught to exercise its sense of the imaginative.

It is a healthy reaction, for it exalts the living figures beyond the canvas. It impels the ear to be on the alert and enfranchises the vision from deflecting its attention from the player. In thus placing the actor in relief, it exacts greater power of diction on his part. In our traditional gorgeous Shakespearean performances, the activities of the minor characters all too often became blurred. Their words were drowned in their surroundings. There was too much to see to humour listening. Hence, it did not matter what they said; not until a scene was reached or a leading character held forth did attention become riveted. It led, involuntarily, I am sure, to a certain listlessness of the lesser performers. One remembered the multitude; rarely an individual. Under the new régime the small

characters will begin to feel that they matter—that, however collateral, they are of moment to the play. Their detachment from outward paraphernalia will spur their ambition, convince them that it is the word and its utterance that matters; will induce them to dive deeper into their parts, strive for characterisation. From the public point of view, there will also be a sensing of detachment; as

the democratic characters come out better than the genteeler bunch. But listen carefully, and you will feel that the human chord is never wanting, except in the case of Lady Hillcrist, who is the incarnation of revenge. The others are, deep down, not only very human, but sympathetic. Hillcrist's daughter floats like a good fairy through the play; and, shorn of his gruffness of manner and his blatancy, is there not in Hornblower something very pathetic in the fact that, with all his money, he cannot force aside the door—that under his own roof, while he was building, building up all the time, destruction was silently at work?

What attracts me in Galsworthy's play is the depth of inwardness. Ostensibly he deals with one subject—and to me the question of over-building the land is the least interesting part—but almost every character represents not only an individual but a principle. Even the auctioneer in that wonderful scene of daring construction is not merely a utility of the stage, but embodies the thought that the value of things is not what they seem, but what you make them: just as the aristocrat at the end of the play and in his victory is not proud but sad, like another King Pyrrhus.

It is to be hoped that the general public will appreciate the social drama as it deserves. If it does, there is prospect that managers will follow suit and realise that commercial success and artistic merit are not such strange bed-fellows as the London theatre since the war has made them.



THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL GRAND OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN ON MAY 10: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

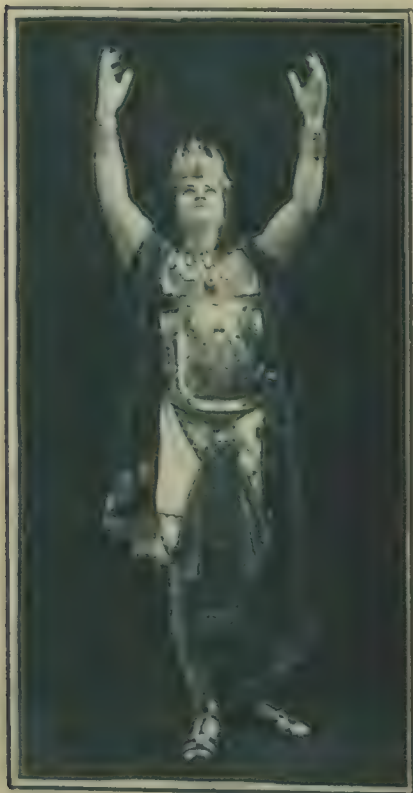
The portraits show (as numbered) (1) Mr. Thomas Burke; (2) Mr. Dinh Gilly; (3) Mme. Elsa Stralia; (4) Dame Clara Butt; (5) Mme. Marie Louise Bérat; (6) M. Fernand Anseau; and (7) Mme. Marie Louise Edvina.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Claude Harris.]

there is less ocular distraction the interest in the action will increase, and with it the appreciation of characters.

If only the innovation could be applied to musical comedy also! How it would affect the chorus, and promote them to be live beings instead of remaining an automatic bevy which is always heard and is too often inaudible!

Galsworthy's latest splendid effort is a pretty sure indication of the course the British Drama is likely to take in these after-war days. The conflict of the people has taken the paramount place of the conflict of the peoples. The war of the classes, in the blunt word of money, has followed fire and sword.

Many will say that this work of Galsworthy is hard; that the material side overwhelms the human nature. To assert this is both right and wrong. Superficially viewed, "The Skin Game" is beyond sympathy, and, if anything,



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

TO SING IN GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. RICCARDO MARTIN.



TO SING IN GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. EDMUND BURKE.



A BOX AT THE OPERA IN VICTORIAN DAYS: A PERIOD WHEN
(AS NOW) "THE BALLET WAS MORE THAN HALF THE BATTLE."

"I KNOW not," said De Quincey, "what may be the state of the Opera-house now, but at that time (1804-1812), it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening." Tuesdays and Saturdays were the English Opium-Eater's musical nights, for then Grassini sang, and then he prepared himself for complete enjoyment with a liberal draught of his anodyne. His artificially quickened sensibilities may have led him to exaggerate the splendour of the performance. The ear of the present day, pampered by elaborate modern orchestration, is apt to find the older operas a trifle thin, but for De Quincey the orchestra of his time "was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras." On those doubtful experiences he built a philosophy of listening to music, which he believed to be an intellectual or sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. A chorus of elaborate harmony displayed before him, "as in a piece of arras work, the whole of his past life," no longer painful, but "a hazy abstraction; its passions exalted, spiritualised, and sublimed." And "all this was to be had for five shillings." The last words give the key to De Quincey's position. His wisdom and his poverty conspired to send him up to the gallery for his god-like pleasures. There, one is free from that *bavardage des loges*, which in richer parts of the house has been blamed for interfering with a musician's enthusiasm. Of ultra-fashionable occasions a former Manager used to say: "This is an Opera Night; it is not a musical performance." But it would not be fair to deny the

boxes all virtuosity. There is a passage in "Richard Feverel," almost as exalted in its soaring musical ecstasy as De Quincey's own, to make out a good case for the ear of fashion. And who among Opera-goers of former years does not recall the Omnibus Box where King Edward, that most attentive and absorbed of listeners, used to sit apart from interruption? But, when all is said and done, the gallery is the place. More than a century after the Opium-Eater's time, it still holds its own, perhaps a little more than its own, for the upper regions catch the fuller and more sustained tone of the Wagnerian and post-Wagnerian orchestra in its ultimate blending of harmony. There alone the hearer can combine the last subtleties of counterpoint. In one respect, however, the present-day Opera-goer has returned to the fashion of the earlier Victorians. For them the ballet was more than half the battle, and its revival, on more artistic and fastidious lines, has given the Opera a different character from that of the dying Nineteenth Century, when the dance had almost disappeared. Music-drama, in the strictest sense, knew not dancing, and would have considered it impious. 1894 found "Faust" a little threadbare, and wanted the old melodies retrimmed: Gounod re-harmonised by Saint-Saëns. But that intense world of Covent Garden loiterers had no discoverable craving for ballet. It did not quite understand Thackeray's frequent phrase, "an Opera-dancer," nor his youthful ravishment "when Taglioni let down her back hair." But this age has its own thrills, with a difference; its Pavlova and Karsavina—birds of fire!

THE KING RIDES OUT FROM THE "HOUSE OF WINDSOR": A ROYAL CAVALCADE LEAVING THE CASTLE GATES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



WITH PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE ALBERT, AND PRINCE HENRY: HIS MAJESTY THE KING OUT FOR AN EARLY MORNING RIDE IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

Many Kings, and many Princes and Princesses, have ridden out from Windsor Castle since William the Conqueror founded the fortress which was to become the ancestral home of British Sovereigns. Some of them have been feared, some distrusted, and some despised; but few, if any, have ever won the love of their people as has King George, like his father before him. Much of the affection with which their Majesties and their family are regarded is due, no doubt, to the fact that they live, as far as

royalty may, the domestic life of an English family, sharing the joys and sorrows of the nation, its daily work and its recreations. Especially is the House of Windsor popular for the lead it gives to healthy outdoor sport and exercise. In the past more glittering cavalcades may have issued from the gates of Windsor Castle into the Great Park, but other days can show none more typical than the above of all that is most admirable in our country life.

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ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE London auction-rooms are still busy: there is no end to the dispersal of *variora*. Messrs. Sotheby had for disposal, among other valuable books and manuscripts, a

fine collection of duplicate copies of old English Plays from the library of Worcester College, Oxford—no less than seventy-four items, sold by order of the Provost and Fellows.

The same catalogue embraced historical Playing Cards, one pack dealing with the last years of James II., and including such subjects as "The Seven Bishops sent to the Tower" and "The Queen and Prince of Wales making their Escape." Concerning the bubble companies of 1720, there are three packs satirising this financial crisis. A Book of Hours, a fine late fifteenth-century example of the miniaturist's art; a collection of some 4000 book-plates from 1712 to the present day; and some rare old American maps were other alluring features of the sale. If the American visitors now coming over in such great numbers drop in to the London auction-rooms and see the treasures dissipated, they will be tempted to secure as many as possible of these heirlooms of the old home, and carry them off to the United States in spite of Customs exactions.

In the same rooms the choice mezzotints and old line engravings of the late Mr. Lawson Thompson were offered for sale. Dürer's "Knight, Death, and the Devil" brought £225; "Melancholia," £190; "St. George," £120; and the "Nativity," £200. The work of McArdell and J. Smith, W. Delf and Faithorne, Masson and Nanteuil, Visscher and George Vertue offered delightful items.

Connoisseurs in bindings will find delight in the Christie-Miller rare examples arranged to be sold on the 3rd and 4th inst. by Messrs. Sotheby, including books from the library of that illustrious statesman and bibliophile, De Thou (1553-1617). One particularly rare binding is the work of the renowned Florimond Badiér, who became master binder in Paris in 1645. This example, with the exception of one other in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is the only known specimen signed, and is stamped with the words "Badiér Facier." There is a work by John Selden dedicated to Charles I., and bound for him in black morocco richly gilt, with the Royal Arms in the centre. Another portion of the renowned Britwell Court library, the property of Mr. Christie-Miller, was arranged to be sold on May 5, 6, and 7, succeeding the De Thou books and the bindings.

Textiles, old lace, delightful fans, Oriental rugs, embroideries, a series of old English glass, pictures, and furniture, claimed attention at Sotheby's. Of the furniture we select a Charles II. day bed as marking a point in the evolution of domestic furniture in England. This sold for £195.

It would be possible to trace in long descent our everyday sofa to the marble lounges in Roman baths, to Egyptian examples—such as the wooden couch with hooved feet from Thebes, now at the British Museum—or to the bronze couches found at Pompeii. Nor are

some of these examples very far removed from the lines of the modern sofa. The first acquaintance with some of these old forms fills one with as much surprise as does the first sight of a Roman lady's safety-pin, the twin-brother of the type in common use nowadays.

There is much food for reflection in the slow growth in England of the taste for comfort in domestic furniture. What was termed in the days of the late Stuarts a day bed is one of the first practical attempts to provide a lounge or couch for tired and aching limbs. Manners had grown less Spartan since the age of Elizabeth, when pillows were considered a luxury too effeminate for sturdy yeomen. The hard rude benches are uncomfortable enough to modern possessors who

grander of Louis Quatorze; and that Boule, a few leagues off, as a man may fly—in modern phrase—was producing masterpieces in ivory and tortoiseshell and ormolu which have won the admiration of succeeding centuries. But England, even in the late Jacobean days, when the adherents of the Merry Monarch had tasted Continental gaieties in exile over the water, obviously had much to learn in art in order to come into line with Continental comfort in furniture.

It is interesting to note the attempts that were made to meet an evident demand for the new type of Englishman who, out of all reason, wanted to lounge in the daytime. The earlier Jacobean box-settle belongs to the oak period. It is practically a chest with a lid, to which arms and a panelled back have been added. Its hard seat offered as little real comfort as a bench at a railway station for tired travellers.

It must be remembered that at this time in mid-Stuart days sumptuous furniture on foreign lines existed in the mansions of the nobility. In the possession of Lord Sackville at Knole is a suite containing a couch with padded back and two ends the same height as the back, one end capable of being lowered. This form has been revived to-day as being of practical value, and may be found finely upholstered in leather in luxuriously appointed smoking and billiard rooms.

In the late eighteenth century the "sopha" came into its own, and in the early nineteenth century it became the throne of the drawing-room. The novels of Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Gaskell depict the sofa as the centre

of gravity in social gatherings. When Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," was invited to Scott's house at Edinburgh, on entering the drawing-room he was presented to Lady Scott, who was reclining on a sofa. After making a bow, he took possession of another sofa opposite to hers and stretched himself thereon at full length, for, as he afterwards said, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house."

Among the fine collection of old silver, the property of the late Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bt., sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in Leicester Square, are some fine Irish examples, notably a globular teapot engraved with the arms of the late owner, the maker being John Hamilton of Dublin, 1726. By the same maker are six Queen Anne table-forks with shaped handles, with Dublin date letter for 1714; and a fine Irish silver épergne with the maker's mark, M. H., Dublin, about 1770, has the exquisite grace of the Adam school of design. This sold for £115 10s. The Irish silversmiths were doing great work: there is a fine centrepiece by Robert Calderwood of Dublin, 1740, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Jonathan Buck of Cork in 1760 was producing marvellous designs. This Dublin épergne illustrated is as classic as the Adam doorways with their beauty and fine proportions on the Quays beside the Liffey.



"THE EXQUISITE GRACE OF THE ADAM SCHOOL OF DESIGN": AN IRISH SILVER ÉPERGNE, MADE BY JOHN HAMILTON, OF DUBLIN (C. 1770).

This beautiful example of eighteenth-century work sold for £115 10s. in the sale of the late Sir Kenneth Matheson's collection of old silver, at Puttick and Simpson's, on April 28 and 29.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.

have grown accustomed to spring-cushioned upholstery. In the day bed illustrated the head is fixed; in some specimens there is a crude mechanical device enabling the back to be raised or lowered by a cord. This Charles II. example has a sloping head finely carved in walnut, and has the old cane seat. The under-frame is



AN ANCESTOR OF THE SOFA: A CHARLES II. "DAY BED," FOR THE "NEW TYPE OF ENGLISHMAN WHO WANTED TO LOUNGE IN THE DAYTIME."

This finely designed "day bed," or couch, of the Stuart period, sold for £195 at Sotheby's on April 29. It is 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 4 in. wide, and 3 ft. 6 in. high at the back.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.]

supported on eight finely shaped legs, and has a rare set of three stretcher-rails of scroll design, the centres of each being surmounted by a vase. It seems incredible that such a piece was contemporary with the

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE finest English prose is unsurpassed in any language for power and majesty, and for the just use of the imagery which may be defined as parables seen by lightning flash. For four centuries our great prose-writers have had one tremendous advantage over their alien rivals—the possession of that open Bible in the common tongue which is the noblest literary heirloom any people, ancient or modern, has ever had as a model for the form and method of self-expression. Generation after generation, consciously or unconsciously, we English have been deeply impressed by the remembrance of those “manifold and fearful judgments,” always set forth in diction as awe-inspiring, which, to continue the quotation from Donne’s sermon, “swell in every chapter, and blow in every verse, and thunder in every line of every book of the Bible.” Not only has English prose style been profoundly influenced by our incomparable Authorised Version, but the thoughts and emotions expressed have been almost always touched with the noble contagion of its divine seriousness. So it comes about that offences of low-grade thinking or low-flash feeling, or of sophistry and sentimentality, are as easily discovered in our prose authors as in our poets. Hence the alternative suggested by Keats in his advice to those who wish to profit spiritually by their reading: “Let him [the reader] on a certain day read a certain page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it: until it becomes stale—but when will it do so? Never!”

In “A TREASURY OF ENGLISH PROSE” (Constable; 6s. net), edited by Logan Pearsall Smith, we have an admirable anthology of the prose passages that great poet—a man and a poet—who never grew old, had in his mind when he gave us this fruitful and salutary advice. There are some strange omissions in Mr. Pearsall Smith’s volume of selections. He gives not a single passage, to deal with the strangest of all such omissions, from “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” though the power of sheer simplicity is again and again shown therein in sentences that haunt the ear for a lifetime, being often more potent in awakening a sense of mystery and wonderment than the most amazing examples of the *curiosa felicitas* of Donne, Browne, Emerson, and Pater. Mr. Pearsall Smith’s taste is mainly for the grandeur and glory of our noble tongue, the rainbows of rhetoric, and its seven-fold amens, and it is seldom indeed that he admits the jarring note of mere cleverness—as when he allows Swift to say: “Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse”; or includes the lesser Samuel Butler’s, “I am not very fond of Milton, but I admit that he does at times put me in mind of Fleet Street.”

However, nearly all his treasures, chosen from authors as far apart in time and mentality as Chaucer and George Santayana (the latter as great a master of reasoned prose as ever confuted the terror of the external universe, “this vast, painful, glorious experiment,” with a handful of English words), stand the test

of being exhibited and examined in the august presence of Nature. I have sat through a sunny afternoon on a lonely Cornish beach, and the sights and sounds about me—the grim black tortured cliffs behind, the long levels of wet, shining sand, the clangour of Atlantic waves that seem the tears of all eternity ranged against us, the weird remote crying of wind-tossed gulls, the purple and gold without stain of a storm-presaging sunset, the vesper-song of a late lark over the steep chaos of sand in which an ancient church is buried—all these wonders of Nature seemed not more impressive and spirit-searching than the stately utterances he quotes from behind the blue hills of Time. It is curious how the Scriptural solemnity, which thunders in the prose of Donne’s sermons and is summer-lightning in Jeremy Taylor’s, persists in the more various music of the moderns—even in the words of such as deny the validity of the Scriptures. Who was it said, for example, that “Man will go down into the pit, and all

the Church of Rome, though he saw in her “broken arcs” something nearer to the perfect round than any other religious polity that is now or ever has been. Here and there a sentence of George Tyrrell’s harmonised with the mood of a not unwilling exile from libraries for two or three weeks who is trying to live up to Matthew Arnold’s magnificent affirmation of the power and steadfastness of Nature, as—

A world above man’s head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul’s horizons be.

Such sayings as “Let us try to be the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, like the quiet stars and the eternal hills”; and “Consider the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin, neither do they pray”; and the brave challenge uttered a month before his death: “I am glad God is to judge me, and not any of His servants”—make for the open-air peacefulness and self-dependence which should be the first object of every seeker after health. But, until I go back to London and the never-ending talk about minute points of literary craftsmanship, the obscure and perplexed pages of Henry James, though full of intriguing examples of his adverbial artistry, must remain unread and undigested. He is too fidgetty to be read between sunshine and sea-sheen; and, to quote Father Tyrrell once again, “God does not like fidgets.”

It is only the songs and sermons in stones—the grey slates of Cornish graveyards—that seem worth while deciphering in these halcyon days, when despondency, that shadow cast by influenza over the very soul, is rolling away like a sea-mist before the sunny western breeze on a May morning. There is the voice of the sea in some of these Cornish epitaphs, the quintessential truth of which is conveyed in the haunting refrain of one of the stirring ballads of Hawker of Morwenstow—

“Come to thy God in time!”
Rang out Tintagel’s chime.
“Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last.”

I have not as yet found anything as touching as the memorial couplet to be seen in a little Kentish churchyard surrounded by dove-haunted trees—

I coo and pine and ne’er shall
be at rest
Till I am with you, dearest,
sweetest and best.

Or as the wonderful love-lyric discovered by Lady Glenconner (George Wyndham’s sister) in an Oxfordshire church. (You will find it in her “White Wallet,”

perhaps the most perfect example of the personal anthology we possess.) The best yet is one that ends with the striking line—

’Tis glorious misery to be born a man.

And, after all, it is the sight of voiceless memorials, barrows and menhirs and the like, which touch the imagination more than the secret magniloquence of lichen-stones by the sea that mourns over the lost Lyonesse. Wherever I walk in this haunted land I feel I am trampling on buried urns—“sad and sepulchral pitchers,” as Sir Thomas Browne described them, “which have no joyful voices, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times.” For Cornwall is a land where you may not shoot a chough or a raven lest you bring down—King Arthur!



A LEADING PERSONALITY OF THE NEWSPAPER WORLD AMONG THE NEW ACADEMY PORTRAITS: “THE LORD RIDDELL OF WALTON HEATH,” BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

Sir William Orpen’s fine portrait of Lord Riddell is a feature of the new Academy. During the war Lord Riddell, who is a prominent newspaper proprietor, did a great deal of valuable “liaison work” between the Press and the Government, and later “headed” the British Press at the Peace Conference in Paris. He was made a Baronet in 1918 and a Baron early this year.—[Copyright reserved by the Artist. Photograph by Paul Laib.]

his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer”? There Mr. A. J. Balfour despairs of humanity’s efforts—but with the very intonation of the great preachers of the seventeenth century.

I have been trying to read two books of literary consequence this week, the Letters of Henry James and those of Father George Tyrrell—“GEORGE TYRRELL’S LETTERS,” edited by M. D. Petre (Fisher Unwin; 16s. net)—whose doughty, tonic, English individualism could never fall in with the discipline of

CART-BEFORE-HORSE "TOWING": ELECTRIC CABLE PROPULSION.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, AFTER ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



"FOR sea-going work," says the "Scientific American," "economy hinges upon separating the primary source of power from the dependent craft so that the central station ship can be quickly despatched with another convoy. Deep-sea towing has, for the most part, been restricted to coastwise service, where it would be possible to slip into the nearest haven in time of storm, because of the fear of snapping tow-lines and difficulties of handling a string of vessels wholly lacking powers of self-propulsion. But if these boats were made automotive by the distribution of electricity, then the dominating part of a tractive cable would disappear, and, at the same time, the binding tie need not be of the same character or weight, nor would it be necessary to provide expensive towing-machines. Instead, we should see a sturdy master ship, equipped with economical Diesel engines for the operation of the dynamos, and the separate members of the fleet fitted with electric motors and screws of a kind best suited to propel them. None would constitute a drag on any of the others, nor pull at cross purposes. In boisterous weather, the fleet could forge steadily forward—the energised vessels preceding or following the parent ship as occasion demanded. By equipping dependent boats with storage batteries, they could be made self-driving for a while."



THE STEAM-TUG SUPERSEDED BY A SEA-GOING ELECTRIC POWER-STATION SHIP: A NEW AND ECONOMICAL SYSTEM OF "TOWING"—TWO CONVOYS, AND (BELOW) DETAILS OF THE POWER-CABLE AND MOTOR IN A PROPELLED VESSEL.

An ingenious new system of propelling convoys of cargo-ships by means of electric cables from a parent vessel, to replace the old method of towing by tug-boats, is described in the "Scientific American" of March 13. The inventor is a New York engineer, Mr. William T. Donnelly, who has already made successful experiments with two specially designed craft, the "Dawn" (power-ship) and "New Era" (propelled by cable from the former). The "Scientific American" says: "The cable runs from a reel at the bow of the 'Dawn' up over an elevated pulley and thence 60 ft. away to the stern of the

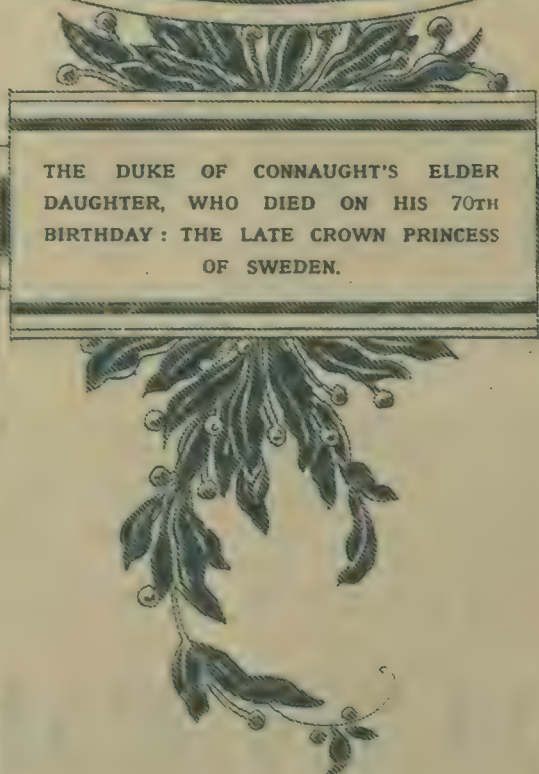
'New Era,' where it passes through a bronze bell-mouthed casting and, a little forward, is plugged into the local circuit." On an enlarged scale, the method may be employed for lake and sea traffic. Comparing a single 2000-ton cargo-steamer with an electrically driven fleet of 1 power-boat and 2 freight-carriers, the article continues: "The 3-unit electrically driven vessels could be built for about 55 per cent. of the cost of the steam freighter. . . . The income would be 116 per cent. greater; the net earnings fully 140 per cent. larger."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S LOSS: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAIN



KING GUSTAV'S SON AND HEIR, NOW A WIDOWER: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN: PRINCESS INGRID.

The tragically sudden death of the Crown Princess of Sweden, formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught, has aroused universal sympathy. She was the eldest of the three children of the Duke and the late Duchess of Connaught, the others being Prince Arthur and Lady Patricia Ramsay. She died at Stockholm on May 1, her father's seventieth birthday, and the sad news reached him while he was spending the day at Bagshot Park, the old home where his children spent their happy early years. Princess Margaret, who was only 38, was born there on January 15, 1882. Her marriage to the

Crown Prince of Sweden (then Duke of Skania) took place at Windsor on June 16, 1905. She leaves five children, of whom four are boys. The eldest, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, was born in 1906; Prince Sigvard, in 1907; Princess Ingrid, in 1910; Prince Bertil, in 1912; and Prince Charles John in 1916. The Princess died, after a very short illness, of blood-poisoning following on ear trouble. She was much beloved in Sweden where her death cast a gloom over May Day rejoicings. King Gustav, who was at Nice, hurried back to Stockholm on hearing of his daughter-in-law's death.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE sketches for what will be acceptable as Court dresses for ladies are shown at the Lord Chamberlain's office not as patterns of what must be worn, but as guides to what may be worn. Details can be altered by any Court modiste, but the general lines must be followed. There are sketches for what will be acceptable to be worn by young girls, young married ladies, and ladies presented on titles changed or conferred. Individual idiosyncrasies and special ideas of dressmakers can be followed as in ordinary evening dress. Short skirts and scanty bodices are eliminated, because measurements must be observed. Therefore, the women to whom these abbreviated frocks are dear must have one specially for the Court to which she goes. One imagines that in these hard times the Court dresses will be worn many times, and that so they may have a beneficial effect on fashion in limiting extremes which are certainly not either pretty, refined, or, indeed, modest!

The merry month may go dry, but it is exceedingly unlikely, even though it, follows the deluge in April! In our climate, one part of our wardrobe that we cannot neglect is the weatherproof coat. In these days of high prices, the great British public is learning a lesson which it never learnt before. It is that cheap prices and economy in clothing are things that do not fit together. True economy is to secure good style, real durability, and perfect efficiency. "Dexter" Weatherproof affords all these, and, therefore, thorough satisfaction. It has no suspicion of rubber, yet is absolutely proof against downpour or drizzle. Then, it is self-ventilating, because of the process of proofing, so that it is comfortable and hygienic in fine weather. A further advantage is in appearance, for the coats are hand-tailored, and are of such clear-cut grace of line as to fulfil the ideal of discriminating man or woman for smart and protective outer garments.

A lady just back from wintering in Spain is somewhat disillusioned about the charms of that so-called sunny clime. Apparently she shivered through the winter rather more than we did here. Marble halls with marble floors, no central heating and firing none too plentiful, the national characteristic of never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow, were very marked. No certainty as to when, or if ever, she would receive her letters made life not quite ideal for a Britisher. Cooking a little too oily for a British digestion, and no definite objection to dirt on the part of the natives, were also drawbacks to



A SMART WALKING COSTUME.

Kilted skirts have a charm all their own, and while giving full freedom of movement, they keep the silhouette slender. This particular one is of tartan taffetas, and the little coat that goes with it is of the same material in night blue.

an Englishwoman's felicity. Friends turning up from Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes tell a very different tale. They had plenty of butter, plenty of excellent food, good wine at moderate price, and profit on rate of exchange; living in general was cheaper than here; while we all know that hotels there are up-to-date and well run. Also my friends say that never was there such an amusing lot of people on the French Riviera. The sights at the Sports Club of an evening were, they remark, never equalled by ballet girls on any stage, the difference being that these particular sights were by no means girls!

Lady Cynthia Curzon's many friends are feeling rather sorry for themselves that the Chapel Royal St. James's will hold so few of them on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Oswald Mosley on the 12th instant. The seating capacity is, I think, about two hundred. I am told that some exalted personages are expected. The King and Queen were, of course, greatly pleased with all Earl Curzon's arrangements for the great Durbar in India, and his Majesty is well known greatly to value Lord Curzon's services to the State. There is to be a reception by Countess Curzon at the Earl's town residence in Carlton House Terrace. It is a spacious mansion, and many who will not be able to be in the Chapel Royal will be there. It is, of course, very distinguished to be married in the Royal Chapel where so many royal weddings have taken place, and it always looks so well because of the wonderful gold altar plate and the priceless tapestries. In itself it is not beautiful, but it is historic.

If one wants something really nice, refined, artistic, and delightful for framing, write to J. and N. Philips and Co., Advertisement Department, Manchester, and enclose 6d. in stamps to cover postage, and ask for six gravure reproductions of Dorcas pictures. They are fascinating and decorative in the most restful and charming way. Dorcas is, of course, a cambric that to know is to love, because it is so soft and dainty and yet wears so well. The pictures of Puritan young men and maidens are, like the material itself, lovely.

One reads funny things in the papers nowadays, none the less humorous because quite unconscious. Of one dear bride of last week I read that her dress was trimmed with ostrich fur! Have the birds on whom alone we can depend for feathers without being open to accusations of cruelty taken to fur? If so, what shall we poor women do, unless some kindly beasts will be good enough to grow feathers? Then I read of a nobleman who is, to the deep

[Continued overleaf.]



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(Continued.)

regret of all who know him, compelled to the use of a bath-chair by rheumatism, that he was getting better—so he is, happily, but very slowly—but did not come to town for a certain family wedding because he was enjoying the shooting at his country place! I always thought that fur



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD CLARINA: THE HON. GERTRUDE BUTLER-MASSEY.

The Hon. Gertrude Butler-Massey is the fourth daughter of Lord Clarina by his second marriage. She is both musical and fond of outdoor life, and is a keen follower of the Co. Limerick Foxhounds.

Photograph by Bassano.

and feather were safe during April from the sporting proclivities of all but bird-nesting and young-rabbit-acquiring boys and girls.

We are to turn to the fashions of the aborigines in some degree—happily, a more ample one than theirs. Feathers, beads, and buttons will play conspicuous parts in dress for this season. Feathers on hats and on dresses, for ruffles, for summer capes and for ruches; parures of beads, instead of jewels, to match day dresses, or strongly to contrast with them; and buttons on everything—chiefly, no doubt, because we used to get them from Austria, and they are now very hard to obtain. Naturally, the costume itself is also supplied; these are the addenda.

As to overalls and all the great design started by Transatlantic cousins to wear them in place of too-expensive clothes, it will leave British women cold. They have worn overalls all through the war when working, and they all worked. A continuance of this custom is to be expected, but nothing further in overalls. While there is a shot in the locker, British women will make the best of themselves by dress, and British men will do likewise. Besides, we should not stop profiteering by carrying out the overall idea. They would soon reach prohibitive and competitive prices. We might even have one of gold net sewn with diamonds and pearls, just to be out of the common!

The Italian Ball at Covent Garden last week was a spirited and successful affair; but, wide as was the field offered by Italy for dress, it proved not wide enough. There were many Spanish characters, and also many Georgian, and others very varied. Viscountess Gort, in black, with a Spanish mantilla and high comb, might have been going on her way to be received by his Holiness the Pope. In contrast was Lady Ribblesdale's costume in cloth of gold, the bodice bright with jewelled embroideries, and the head-dress long sun-rays of gold. Lady Ribblesdale gave no name to her dress, but it well represented the golden sun of Italy. Lady Joan Capel wore the exaggerated hooped panniers fore and aft of the most extreme period of the Italian Court. It was in blue glacé, and the over-dress of crimson velvet edged and trimmed with white fur. The Hon. Lois Sturt was masked, and wore a long straight dress of Venetian brocade. Several ladies, including Lady Cunard—who had much to do with the success of the ball—chose to wear dresses copied from pictures by Longhi. Lady Cunard's was pale-blue, with a black tricorne hat, and a long pendent mantilla of black lace; Lady (Ian) Hamilton was all in black, and masked; Mrs. Harry Lindsay wore a crinolined skirt of white glacé with black lace over it, a small black hat, and a pendent veil. These three Longhi dresses were good examples of diversity of style in his pictures.

Princess Helena Victoria, who was dressed in pale-grey over pale-blue, and who wore a high diamond ornament in her hair, took the obeisance from the Cities of Italy as they passed in procession beneath the Royal Box in which her Highness sat, attended by Miss Loch and Mr. Hugo Wemyss. The dresses in this series of groups were superb, among the finest in the wonderful Opera wardrobe, and the ladies chosen for principal parts were beautiful. Among

the successful dresses of spectators and dancers must be counted Lady Glenconner, in black slashed with white and trimmed with gold, as a Venetian lady, attended by the Hon. Stephen Tennant in a blue-and-gold page's suit. Mrs. Saxon Noble also made a delightful figure with a white lace cap and a crimson and purple dress as one of "The Good-Humoured Ladies" in the Russian Ballet. There is every hope that the ball has realised a large sum for the Italian Hospital in London, which is open to sick of all nationalities, and through the war tended over 2000 of Allied sick and wounded. It is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. A. E. L.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF DAME EDITH LYTTELTON: MISS MARY LYTTELTON.

Miss Mary Lyttelton is the only daughter of Dame Edith Lyttelton and of the late Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

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THE POSTAGE-STAMP ANNIVERSARY.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THURSDAY, May 6, was the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the postage-stamp. It was on May 6, 1840, that the first postage-stamps came into use to pre-pay postage under Sir Rowland Hill's plan for uniform penny postage—a reform which may receive a serious set-back from Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget this year. Penny postage became three-halfpenny postage during the war in most countries; the United States have already reverted to the penny since the Armistice, but the United Kingdom is taking another retrograde step in introducing a minimum twopenny postage on letters.

May 6 was also, very appropriately, the anniversary of the accession of his Majesty King George, who has long been recognised as the Patron of Philately, and is the owner of some very fine examples and part sheets of the first English stamps issued in 1840. He also possesses the original rough sketch of the first penny and two-penny stamps formerly in the possession of Sir Rowland Hill, and given by him to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir F. T. Baring) at the time of the introduction of postage-stamps.

This year, the eightieth anniversary of the postage-stamp has been made the occasion for a "Welcome Home" banquet in the International Hall of the Café Monico in honour of upwards of six hundred members of the Junior Philatelic Society who have been on active service during the war. This society, the largest of its kind in the world, was represented by its younger members in every campaign in which British Colonial, and American forces took part during the war.

Among the guests to be present was the designer of our current postage-stamps, Mr. Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A., the Australian sculptor who was entrusted with the Coronation medal and coinage of the present reign.

Farewell issues are a novelty, but during the past week or two there have been several of them. Bavaria, which has issued its own postage-stamps for over seventy years, has at last thrown in its postal lot with that of Germany, but she has allowed herself one final "fling" before giving up. Her farewell issue is in the newer style of art, some examples of which are illustrated. Würtemberg renounced her right to issue her own stamps for the use of the general public nearly twenty years

ago, but she retained the privilege of issuing special stamps for "official" and "municipal" use. These are now relinquished, but to mark the last few weeks of her separate stamp-issuing existence there have been two series of farewell stamps. In one series we get views of prominent cities in this former kingdom—Stuttgart, Ulm, Tübingen, and Ellwangen; in the other series the central feature of the design is a stag, which is reminiscent of the classic early stamps of Würtemberg, in which a lion and a stag figured as supporters to the heraldic Arm of the State, whose motto is "Furchtlos und Treu" (fearless and faithful).

Sir Arthur Pearson has issued the fifth annual report of the St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors under the title of "A Record of Victory"; and even those who had some knowledge of the work which St. Dunstan's has achieved will be amazed to

read the full record of the triumphs over the handicap of sightlessness which Sir Arthur's organisation can claim. To-day there are some 500 men in training; more than a thousand have returned to their homes in this country or in distant parts of the Empire, and must be looked after and helped in many ways. The trades and professions taught at St. Dunstan's fall naturally into two distinct classes—handicrafts like boot-repairing, basket-making, mat-making, joinery and netting; and, secondly, the professions of massage, shorthand, typing and telephony, and of poultry-farming. When the men have been trained to follow these pursuits, it is obvious that it is necessary to keep in touch with them; to see that the goods they put on the market are sold to advantage and that the standard of their work does not deteriorate. This explains the work of the After-Care Department. More than 1000 men have passed through St. Dunstan's, and all these have to be watched over, and advised by correspondence. First-class material is supplied at cost price to all blind workers,

and suitably placed shops are established where the goods may be displayed and sold. If, however, local sales are not possible, the Sales Depôts are always available. This outline of the work of the After-Care Department

is quite sufficient to show why St. Dunstan's needs money, and the fact that the training of men is still in progress is another reason why the public should remember that the blinded soldiers need help—and that this assistance cannot be provided without financial support for St. Dunstan's.



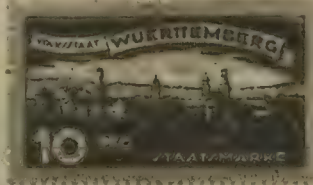
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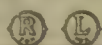
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE:

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

WE have nothing in England which corresponds exactly to the "Salon des Humoristes," now holding its annual exhibition in Paris. Here we have, gathered together under this comprehensive title, the wittiest and most topical drawings of the present day, illustrating every phase of French life and thought. There are represented cartoonists such as Forain, whose striking pictures of the Huns' gentle methods in the invaded provinces of France made such a stir when exhibited in London during the war. Next door to him we find "Sem," whose bold caricatures of well-known people are always good humoured, however daring; Willette, whose fresh and original work has always something new to say, contributes some interesting canvases. Among so many excellent exhibits, it is hard to make a selection for special mention in a brief survey such as this; there are so many different styles, and so much to admire in each one, that the choice is bewildering. Humour is well to the fore, as it should be in such a Salon.

Those of us who are sincere in our desire for a closer union between England and France—that is to say, a better understanding between the two great nations—will welcome the initiation of a scheme which owes its origin to a brilliant Professor of Cambridge University, Sir Charles Walston. At a distinguished gathering here in Paris a few nights ago, the foundations were laid of a scheme to provide a Bureau of Information, combined with a hostel, for the accommodation of English students desirous of following a course of study in this country. It was pointed out that hitherto it has been extremely difficult for a young student arriving in Paris, with often only a limited knowledge of the language, to obtain the necessary help and guidance in choosing which of the bewildering number of *Cours* to attend. And, again, the question of suitable lodgings has often been a deterrent to the would-be student anxious to pursue his studies further afield. With the establishment of an English educational centre in Paris, the way will be opened to that interchange of ideas between the young people of both nations, and thus will be laid the foundations of an even deeper and truer *entente* in the future. At the inaugural dinner, at which



THE FOURTH STOCK EXCHANGE LONDON-BRIGHTON WALK: MR. H. B. S. RHODES, THE WINNER, ARRIVING AT BRIGHTON.

The fourth Stock Exchange walk from London to Brighton, on May 1, was won by Mr. H. B. S. Rhodes, who finished in 9 hours 37 minutes 52 seconds. Mr. F. C. Jones was second, in 9 hours 52 minutes 45 seconds. The Stock Exchange "record," which is 8 hours 18 minutes 18 seconds, was never in danger of being broken; but the winner finished strongly.

Photograph by S. and G.



THE FLYING-BOAT CRASH OFF FELIXSTOWE: SALVING THE WRECKED MACHINE.

A flying-boat engaged on an instructional cruise on April 29 crashed into the sea off Felixstowe. Of the five officers and one airman aboard, four were drowned. Amongst the missing is Sub-Lieut. Fonseca, of the Portuguese Navy.

Photograph by C.N.

many of the *savants* of France were assembled, a strong Committee was spontaneously created, and, judging by the speeches which were delivered by M. Viviani and others, there is no lack of enthusiasm and *bonne volonté* on this side of the Channel. The scheme, of course, includes a corresponding Bureau and Hostel in England, for the successful interchange of students; and the promoters should have no difficulty in finding supporters at home after the encouraging start made here. From what I can hear, M. Viviani said, in the course of a delightful speech, "It is to the future generations that we must look to build up a real *entente* which shall weld our two nations together in a brotherhood of mutual esteem, born of a real knowledge of the true aims and ambitions of our respective countries."

Within the last few days the French Government have decided on a step the importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated, and the results of which may be far-reaching. It has been decided to resume relations with the Vatican, and M. Jonnart, the distinguished Senator who recently relinquished his post as Chairman of the Reparation Committee, has consented to be the first Ambassador. The choice is an extremely happy one, and when M. Jonnart leaves to take up his new post he will carry with him the confidence of his fellow-countrymen and their good wishes for his success in his new rôle. The question of whether England should send a representative to the Papal Court or not has been raised more than once in the House of Commons since the war, but there was a good deal of opposition—due, in part, to ignorance of the real importance of the question at

issue. People sometimes ask, "What is there for an Ambassador at the Vatican to do?" forgetting the large number of Roman Catholic Bishops and other prelates scattered throughout the British Colonies, whose appointments are at present made without any reference to the wishes of Great Britain. This was not the case in the days, not so very long ago, when she had her accredited representative at the Vatican to watch over her interests, and to see that, as far as possible, only men of British origin were sent to occupy the Roman Catholic bishoprics of British Colonies. Now that France has decided upon this course, let us hope that the question will once more be raised at home, so that this time practical considerations will carry the day.

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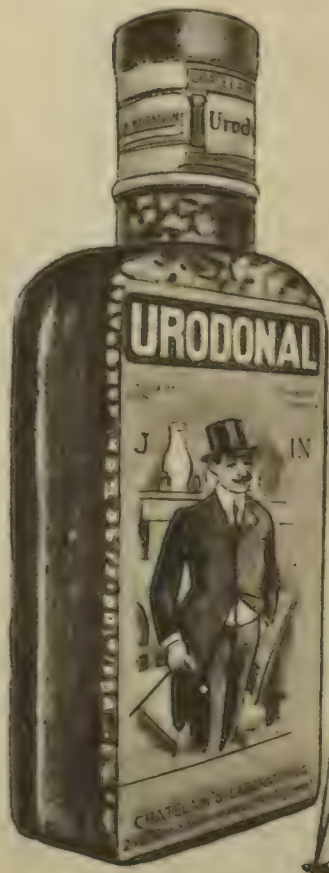
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PROF. FLEURY in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82 %) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

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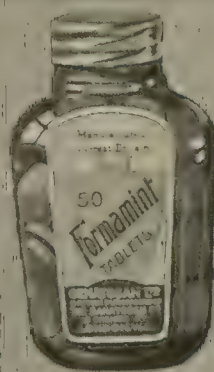
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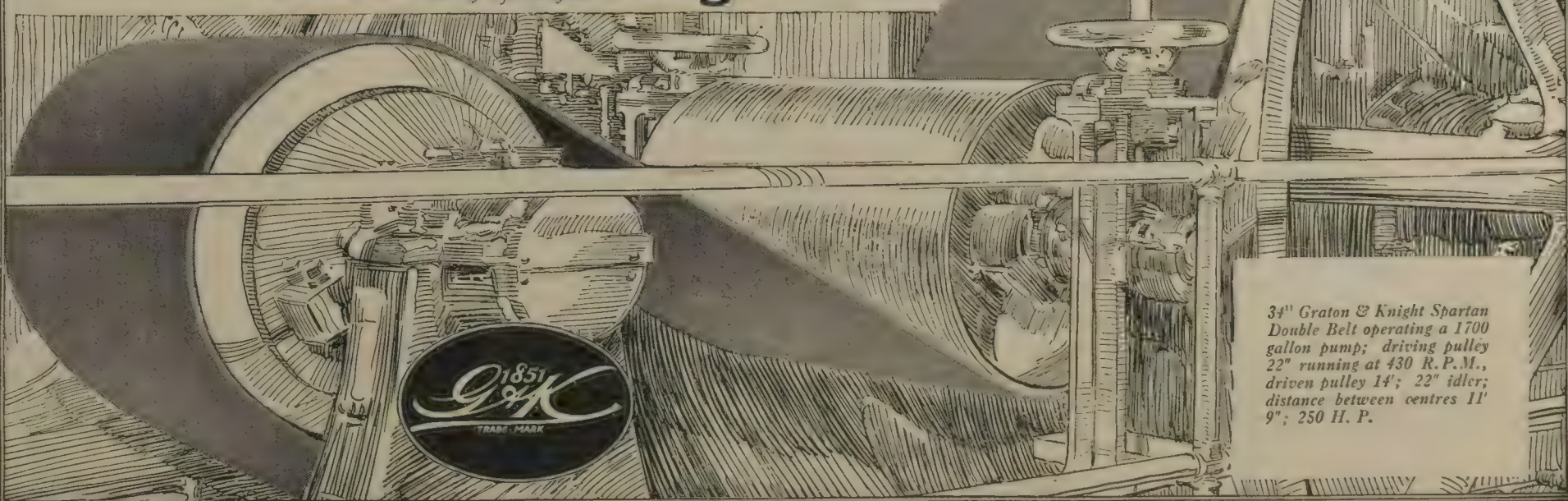
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

In the Matter of Taxation.

The *Motor* seems to be annoyed with me on account of the views I expressed on the attitude of the technical Press, a fortnight ago, towards the new motor taxation proposals. The Editor writes as follows—

The statement of your contributor of the column headed "The Chronicle of the Car" that "the technical journals are

I am quite unrepentant. I admit that the *Motor* has advocated the petrol tax all along, but I still say that there has been a surrender of the principle involved. In its issue of March 31 there appeared an editorial article headed "The £1 per Horse-Power Tax Inevitable." If that is not a tacit surrender, I am afraid I do not appreciate the meaning of words. The moment it is conceded that the imposition of an objectionable tax is "inevitable," the whole case is given away and the attitude becomes one

of submission to something against which it is useless to fight. Then, when alternatives, such as the reduction of the horse-power tax to a lower unit level than £1 are discussed, the case is made even worse, and it is quite natural that the Government should say that there is nothing but querulous objection to the tax, and that if some small con-

and agree upon a definite line to be taken over this taxation business—or over any other matter of serious policy affecting those for whose interests these journals presumably exist? If one of them formulates and advocates a policy which is a good policy, do the others welcome it and back it whole-heartedly for its intrinsic merits?—or are they so jealous of each other that they prefer to regard the policy in question as a "stunt" which does not concern them? If I can be told of one single example of common, concerted action in any vital question affecting the motorist, I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear and to acknowledge it.

The *Motor* in an editorial in last week's issue says: "It is time opposition took a form which will show to the Government that private motorists are not in the mood to take this new form of tyranny with placid indifference." I quite agree. But what the *Motor* still does not tell its readers, and never has told them, is how this opposition is to be made effective. Two months ago or more the *Auto*, to which journal I referred in my previous remarks, did this. It suggested that the motoring community should,

[Continued overleaf.]



MOTURING IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY: A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" IN THE VILLAGE OF BARSTON, NEAR HAMPTON-IN-ARDEN, WARWICKSHIRE.

almost unanimous in their surrender, and seem to accept the necessity of agreeing to the proposed method of taxation, concentrating their attention on securing a reduction in the amount," is absolutely contrary to fact so far as the *Motor* is concerned. From the moment that the new scheme of £1 per unit of horse-power was known to be likely to be recommended, the *Motor* has firmly advocated the retention of the petrol duty right down to the last issue, when the statement of the Chancellor was reported, when it was stated editorially that "no motor-car tax is fair that does not take use into consideration. We believe that a tax on fuel—if at a flat rate without rebates—is practicable."

Your contributor may be right in what he says concerning the one journal he selects for particular mention and commendation, but the inaccuracy of his statements concerning other journals is so glaring, in view of the very definite line adopted by the *Motor*, that I regard his reflections as most seriously damaging, and must ask you to allow me to correct his statements and inferences.

cession is made along the lines discussed there will be no real fighting opposition.

The real trouble in the matter of the technical Press is that it is not a united Press—there is no common understanding as to policy. I should like to ask whether those who are responsible for the direction of the motoring journals have ever on a single occasion met together to discuss



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"It is really a very remarkable car."

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"I have to apologise for describing a car without finding a single fault."

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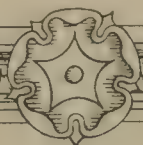


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Continued.

through individual and collective action, let the Government clearly understand that if the £1 per horse-power tax were imposed it would not be paid, but that the fuel tax would be paid cheerfully. I do not pass judgment on the merits of the proposal, but at least it was something concrete and different from the nebulous inferences which have characterised most of the opposition. Moreover, it was a proposal which at least deserved to be discussed. Has it been as much as mentioned by any of the rest? Not that I have seen. Still, I do not think I can serve any useful end by prolonging this discussion. I have given the fullest prominence to the *Motor's* protest—and still remain of the opinion I held before I read it. What the motorist wants is a lead in a real fighting policy of a concrete nature, not mere windy objections to an unjust and illogical tax.

The Scottish Light-Car Trial Abandoned.

Owing to lack of the necessary support from the trade the Royal Scottish A.C. has had to abandon its projected light-car trial. It is a pity, but there was obviously no help for it. With the industry in its present state, and deliveries hopelessly behind, very few firms could have spared the time from normal production to put through

the specially tuned-up cars essential to success in so severe a test as a Scottish Trial. It will be interesting to see what will happen next year. There is still in force an agreement between the R.A.C. and the Scottish Club to hold their trials in alternate years, so that the next word is with the former. Whether it will promote a trial of its own in 1921 or stand down to allow the Scottish organisation to carry out the one which has been cancelled is not certain at the moment. It does not greatly matter, so long as a trial is held, though most of us have a sentimental regard for the Scottish test which we do not feel so strongly in the case of the R.A.C.

Bulk Storage of Petrol.

Although motor traders have had little enough encouragement to make use of the bulk-storage system of keeping fuel, it is pleasing to note that Bowser tanks of large capacity are now installed in various populous centres, enabling the motorist to have his tank replenished, and the quantity accurately measured, without recourse to the troublesome and archaic two-gallon tin, which not only incurs waste in filling, but frequently falls somewhat short of providing its reputed contents. Tanks of this sort are part of the equipment of the various pivotal

depôts of the British Motor Trading Corporation, the Birmingham branch, situated on the main London-Birmingham road at Yardley, having an installation of 10,000 gallons capacity.

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W. W.

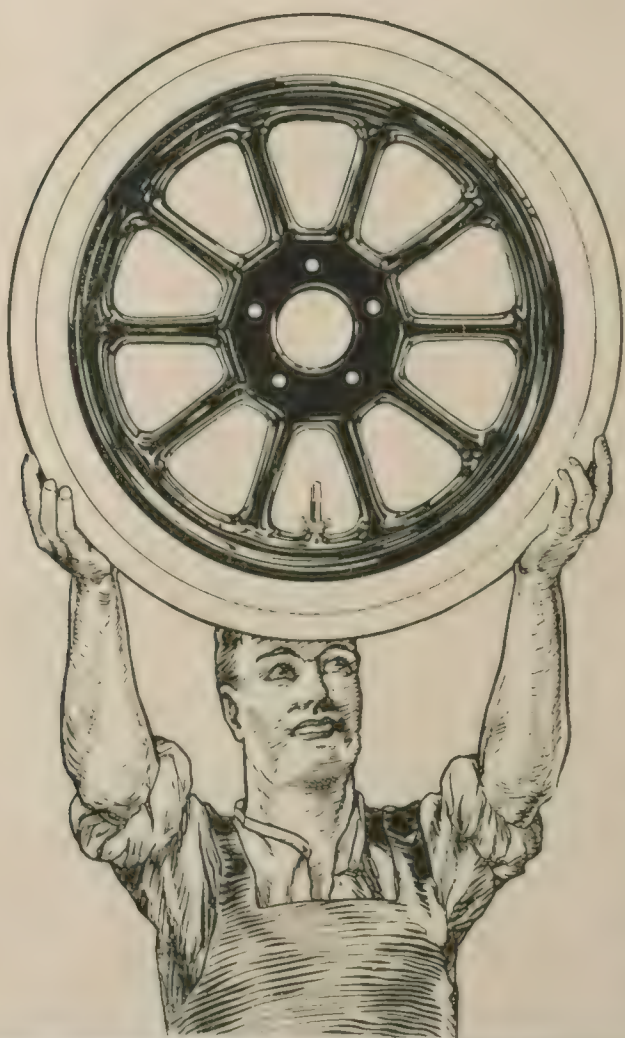
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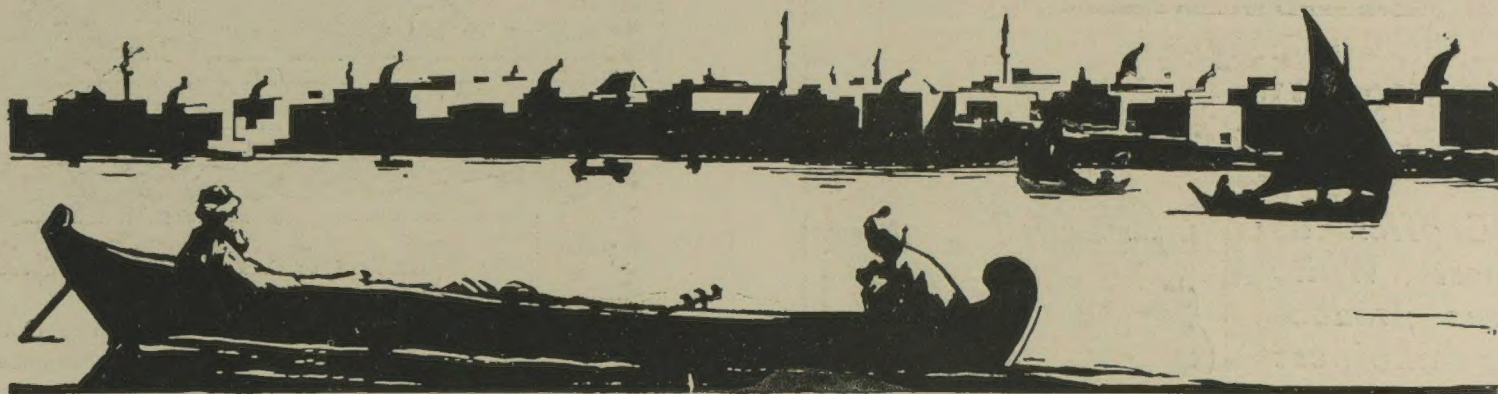
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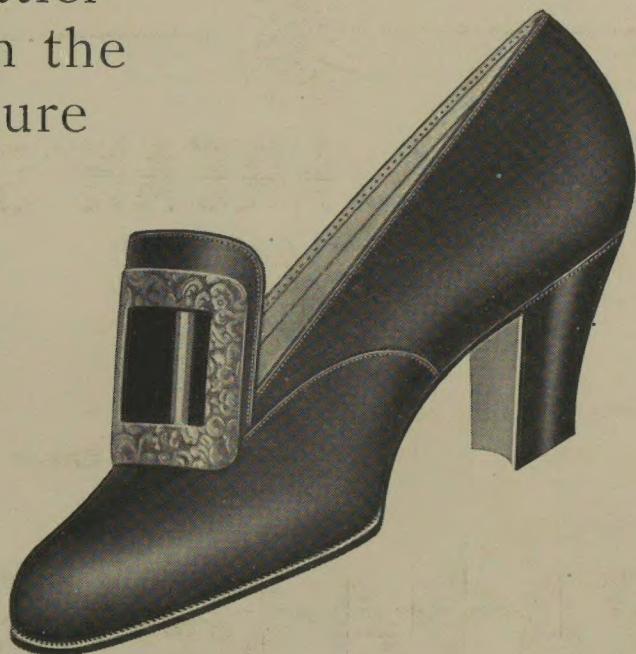
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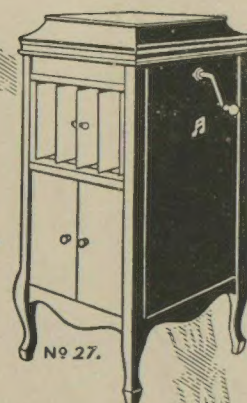
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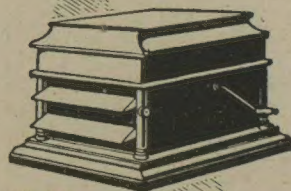
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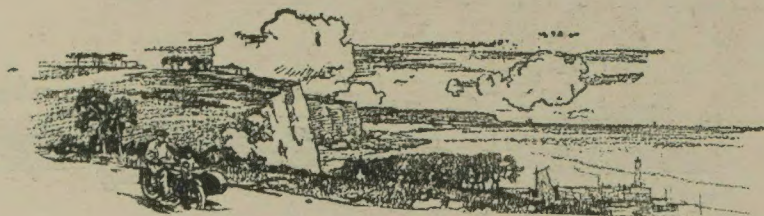
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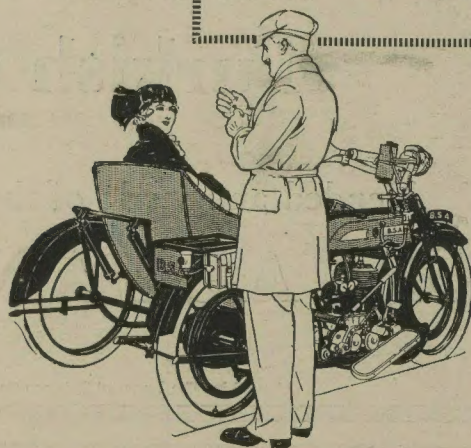
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